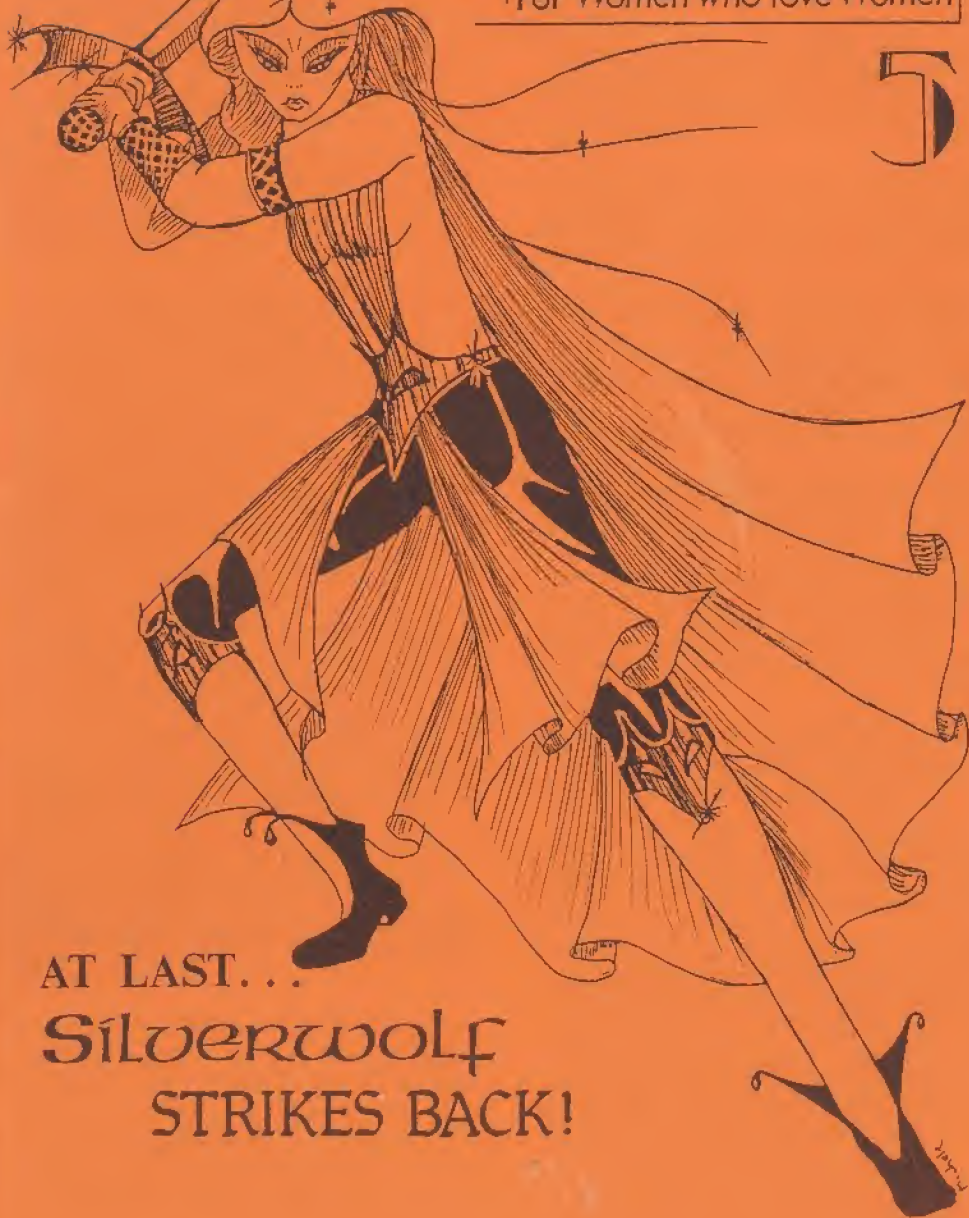


Artemis

For Women who love Women

5



AT LAST...
Silverwolf
STRIKES BACK!

Artemis

Basic Club Contact List

Please keep this list for future reference. Supplements will be added from time to time. To reply to an entry, put your letter in an envelope WITH A STAMP ON, marked in pencil with the *nom de plume*, then put that envelope into another envelope addressed to us. We will send it on. If you wish you can use your own *nom de plume* in your letter and have your correspondent reply through us. Please enclose a note or slip telling us who you are. We can only pass on letters sent by Club members.

JANE MILLS, South Hertfordshire: Girl, 23, feminine, attractive, seeks similar caring, steady lady willing and able to travel to Hertfordshire for sincere, committed relationship.

GOLDIE, Essex Coast: Yellow Labrador..... affectionate and cuddly!!

CAPRICORN AND LEO, South Gwent: Disabled housebound couple (57 and 53) seek friends same age group. Hobbies include music (country and western), reading, houseplants, writing to penfriends.

VALERIE, Dorset Coast: Cancerian, 24 years old, brown hair, blue-grey eyes, 5'6" tall, strong sense of humour, semi-professional astrologer, many interests.

MORTISHA, West London: Gentle London lesbian seeks love and affection. Interests include: music, wholefoods, the arts, nature, reading and alternative medicine. Please write.

OPAL, West Midlands: Looking for someone alone like myself, who needs a genuine friend or lover. Am 43, dark hair and eyes, medium build. Wide range of interests. Own home, would be willing to share with right person.

SPARROW, Manchester area: Professional woman, 34, peace-loving, sense of humour, non-smoker, good cook, fond of reading and animals, seeking sensitive companionship.

MS MUESLI, Aberdeen: 35 years, University lecturer. Love travelling, hill-walking, natural history, painting, reading. Non-militant feminist, peace-campaigner, non-smoker and nearly a vegetarian

ROS, Cambridge area: Young 49, dark hair and eyes, 5'2". Own home. Enjoy the good things of life: cinema, eating out, swimming, outdoor activities etc. Dog owner.

MYRINE, Norfolk Coast: I am 5'8". I have blue and grey eyes, long brown hair and am very slim.

LADY VIVIEN, Ireland: Aristocratic all-female matriarchal household requires governess and schoolmistress, must be capable of administering and accepting strict discipline. Also maidservant.

CHARIS, South-East London: Girl, 27, tall, fair and middleish. Likes wit, warmth, depth, sensuality, romance and 'culture'. Dislikes smoke, punkiness, 'feminist campaigning'.

ALECIA, Bristol area: Urgently wanted: an imaginative dominant lady with a photographic/artistic flair to be my business partner, marketing erotic fantasy by mail order. Your details and small photograph please to 'Alecia'.

EMMA, Derby: Small (5'), dark-haired, mid-30s.

TOPSY, Stirling area: 36 years of age, slim, long dark hair, blue eyes, warm, sincere and true in friendship.

ALEX, Mid-Lancashire: Slim, smart, trendy attractive blonde, 27. Mature responsible nature. Good sense of humour. Likes music, discos. Seeks similar genuine female, non-scene, for correspondence/friendship/possible romance.

DOLLY, Inverness: Young live-in maid in kind home with understanding mistress, seeks pen-friends and personal friends. Child-like, well-behaved and jolly.

SUSANNA, Sussex Coast: Non-smoking mature sportswoman, scooter rider, loving music, opera, books, words, for whom the window on lesbianism only recently opened.

JANET, Carlisle: 5'8", fair hair, blue eyes. Loves: ballroom dancing, classical music (especially Strauss!), Victorian novels and afternoon tea.

PREFECT, Oakland, California: American senior form girl aspiring to teaching post at St. Bride's, but first must learn the ropes of boarding school life via correspondence.

CASSANDRA, South-East Devon.

YSOLT, Mid-Lancashire.

MARY ROSE, Northumberland Coast: Graduate, dislikes gay scene, wishes to make friends in Northumberland/Tyneside area. Loves music, cats and humour. Tired of isolation.

JANE, Midlands: 23 years old, brown hair, blue eyes. Likes music, dancing, pubs, clubs, animals. Seeks woman 20-30 with nice personality for loving lasting relationship.

PARVIZ, West Kent: Musician, very feminine, mature, fair complexion, blue eyes, dark/silver hair. Interests: photography, cycling, animal welfare, music.

PETRONELLA, South Shropshire: Single lesbian, 31, living in Shropshire, would like to meet other lesbians for friendship.

SARA, Harrogate: 5'4" tall, slim build. 41 years young. Seeks friends.

APHRA, North Essex: Lesbian feminist strongly attracted to fun, fantasy and the frivolous!

LARTHIA, Chester: Aries femme, late 30s, into ancient cultures, conservation, reclaiming women's past, cake-making, knitting and correspondence. Lives North-West region.

ANNABELLE, Cambridgeshire: Soft emotional divorcee, 50, loves music of all kinds, dancing, cycling, badminton. Tall and slim. New to Circle. South East.

LENA, Liverpool: 5'2", brown eyes and hair. Age group 40-50 years.

RIA, Aberdeen: English literature student, 20. Especially enjoy classical music/Scottish literature/lesbian fiction. Need fun/love/laughter.

CALINE, North London: Blonde hair, blue eyes, bilingual, bright, outgoing, funny, caring, energetic, young, musical, bisexual, arty, travelled a lot — just lovely!

BLUE, South Gwent: 34 year old vegetarian. Interests include gardening and wine-making. Volunteer worker for women's aid.

TAMSIN, West Midlands: Aged 40. Interests: keep fit, animals, squash, gardening, walking, D.I.Y., crosswords. Seeks friends with same interests.

MANDY, Bolton: Loving and affectionate Georgie lass, 20. Student of psychology in Bolton. 5'2", brown hair and eyes. Pleasant-

ly plump. Enjoys life.

JOELLE, South Lincolnshire: 35 years. Shoulder length light brown hair. Spectacles. Medium build, shy. Likes cats, peace and fun. Married, three children. Rather isolated.

ANGOSTURA, North West London: Interests: reading, writing and riding, music, swimming and *quiet* (ten years to retirement and looking forward to). 140lb, 5'6".

LIBRA, Co. Antrim: Very attractive, feminine, 29 year old, enjoys good sense of humour, music, fine food, sport, travelling. Artistic and sincere.

YAZ, Devon Coast: 24 years old. Interests: sport and music. Bowie, Grace Jones, punk. Seeks similar anywhere.

ANN UNDERWOOD, Birmingham: Single, 43 years old. Slim build, 5'4", dark hair, hazel eyes. Interests general. In medical profession.

HELENA NEWMAN, West London: Femme, 25, non-scene, likes sport, theatre, classical and popular music, books, poetry, seeking kind loving older woman.

LYN, Derby: Friends wanted in Derby/Midlands. Our women's group meets for coffee, meals out etc. Also women to write, anywhere.

WITCH-HAZEL, Derby: 39 years young, loves cats, keen on yoga, swimming, women's rights, animal rights.

JOOLI, South Somerset: Seeks warm, sincere friends 20-35. Likes reading, laughing, music, life in general.

SARAH, Lancashire Coast: 33. Dark brown hair and eyes. Separated, with three sons.

ANITA, North London: I'm 28, tall, blonde, into rock music, videos, theatre, pubs.

GRANYA MAIDENSDAUGHTER, Somerset: 32, artist, writer, Goddess-worshipper, celibate, believes in strong friendships between women, loves nature, high ideals, beautiful things, thoughtfulness.

SOLUS, Peterborough: Psychologist/writer, feminist, mature, slim, lively, free-thinker, laughter-loving. Isolated but can travel. Black women welcome.

KERRY, South East London: I am married, 34, have two children; ex-social worker; enjoy cinema, theatre, reading, squash.

ALEXIS, East London: I'm young, friendly, but a little shy, fun-loving, intelligent, sporty and interested in most things.

ARIEAN, Runcorn: Pensioner early 60s seeking friendship. Non-smoker.

LIZA, Chesterfield: Fun-loving, romantic lesbian, mid-twenties, with vivid imagination. Loves travelling, the countryside, kiwi fruit, books, tarot cards and cats.

LOVING V., Mid-Surrey: Married lesbian, would like to correspond, meet similar, Surrey/London. Blue eyes, brown hair, well-built, 33 years. Very understanding.

ANGELA BRAZIL, East Midlands: Following-up thirty, but still searching for the secret panelling in the library, seeks chum to share anchovy toast by the fireside.

DENISE, Leicester: Likes: cycling in the countryside, making music. Into: peace, vegetarianism, alternative therapies; freedom to love; not taking it all too seriously.

MARGARET, Portsmouth area: Mid-fifties, ex-social worker, wide interests including peace movement, would like penfriends.

JOY CLEVERLY, North Kent: Lesbian feminist, forties, enjoys life, easy-going, independent life-style, would like to give/get close friendship/hugs. Kent/London.

TARA, South Somerset: Mid-thirties, sense of humour, reasonably outgoing, varied interests, failed ex-smoker, would like to hear from others for lasting friendships.

ELEANOR, Cheshire: 30, feminine, isolated, would like letters from lesbian women anywhere, age 25-45. Hobbies: reading, travel. Loves animals, television and video.

ALICE SAND, South Wiltshire: Age 20, short brown hair, 5'7" height. Loner.

JENIFER, Manchester area: Tall, dark short hair, quiet, thin 32 year old nurse. Separated.

UNA RADCLYFFE, Plymouth: Artistic, slim...CHARMING...love animals, music, hedonism; write to find out more! Currently very bored. Seeking friends especially Plymouth/London.

LYNDA, East London: Londoner, single, 36, non-religious socialist with a sense of humour. Varied interests including reading,

outdoor activities, occasional discos.

JUNO, Cambridge area: Age 25, 5'4". Blonde hair, blue eyes, slim. Likes music, corresponding and conversation. Works in Cambridge. Not into gay scene.

BELINDA, Bristol: I'm a 26 year old, passionate girl-lover who'd like to correspond with like-minded friends.

MICHELLE, North-West Kent: Small build, short dark hair, slim. Interests: country music and driving. Age 32.

RUTH, Mid-Glamorgan: Feminist, 21, tall, slim. Enjoys reading, music, walking etc. Good sense of humour; needs lots of friends from anywhere.

POTOROO, South-West Kent: Age 27. Likes: languages especially French, literature, veganism, cats, gardening, sea, sun, genuine, kind, intelligent people. Dislikes: smoking, boredom, noise.

DELIA, Huddersfield: Mid 30s. Femme. Loving and caring. Enjoys music and driving. Seeks like-minded lady for friendship/relationship.

LAWS, Cheltenham: 5'7", medium build, dark hair and eyes; looking for serious, long-lasting relationship. Gloucestershire/anywhere.

VITA, Edinburgh area: I am thirty-one years old, 5'4", short brown hair, love painting, drawing, anything artwise, animals and books.

PIXIE, Nottingham: Small (almost 5') with blue eyes and short fair hair. Interested in most things, but particularly music.

RIANNA, Edinburgh: Friendly, cuddly, 37 year old, lives Edinburgh but can travel or accommodate, seeking relationship with understanding femme. Not long out of 'cup-board', so also seeking tuition — but friendship/liking more important. Sorry — you must be a non-smoker and *not* bi. Otherwise I'd love to hear from you. All letters answered, so write soon, please.

VIRGO, South-West Worcestershire: Young-looking 40, 5'4" with short curly hair. Likes the outdoors and animals. Dislikes smoking and loud insincere people.

SNOWY, South Bedfordshire: I am eighteen, like reading, walking in the country and animals. I am happy, but lonely for female company.

ARIES, West London: Artistic, attractive, sensitive, seeking quiet, home-loving, understanding friend, over 30, car owner, especially doctor or spiritual healer.

KATE, South Hertfordshire: I'm 30, feminist, intellectual, forthright, assertive, but in need of strength and support. I'm into literature, music, hedonism. Only recently lesbian, I'd love to share warmth, wit and winter evenings.

MAX, South-West Devon: Woman Engineer. Likes: Books, Comfortable Chaos, Cats, Ancient Sports Cars, the Arts, Life and Laughter.

KATH, Glasgow: Student, Libran, born 1962 — writing, drawing, people, lands and seas; big dogs, real things, cat lovers.

KAY BARRI, South Middlesex: I have recently 'come out' and would like someone to write to. I enjoy music, reading and travelling.

JOANNA OF AVON, Bath: I'm 43; have three teenage children; currently a Psychology undergraduate; I only love women, and enjoy socialising, loving, writing poetry.

AINE, East London: I am 34 years old. Varied interests. Like to meet similar, non-smoker.

SHIBUI, South Devon: Quiet, loyal, idealist, 60s-influenced musically. Nature lover, enjoys reading, art, sport and good company. Taur-een.

FERRARA, Norwich: I am 30 years old and 5'8" tall with dark hair.

BETHAN, Midlands: Attractive, caring articulate lady, 34, seeks warm, sincere partner to care for. Genuine replies only please!

BLOSSOM, Mid-Middlesex: 5'6" tall, medium build, 30 years old, short dark hair, feminine, looking for good-looking feminine, possibly blonde, 30-40 years old for lasting love. Photograph appreciated.

LIANNA, North Hampshire: I'm an art student, 20, cheeky sense of humour. I love: the 1920s era, laughing and receiving letters.

SYBILLA LANCASTER, Tyneside: Career woman, married, 35, slim, 5'7", one son, definitely gay, plenty of freedom. Good fun, needing sincere, loving, fun relationship.

CHRIS & ELAINE, North Ayrshire: Couple aged 25 and 30 together two years, would like

to meet similar in our area. We enjoy quiet life.

ANNE FELIX, East Suffolk: 35, French, petite, dark-haired. Freelance journalist and fantasy writer. Does photography, karate, values freedom.

CUSANU, Gwynedd: I am 24, home-loving, Conservative Cancerian interested in Photography, Psychology, Astrology, Cooking and Adventure — would like to correspond/form friendship with patient/passionate friend.

SHARON, Bournemouth area: Early 50s, smoker, occasional drink. Own car — enjoy driving. Have a dog. Height 5'7". Hair brown, going grey; eyes blue.

ROMANTIC, South-West Worcestershire: Shy, 30 years old. Caring and gentle. Likes: sun, sea, candlelit dinners.

PIP, Rutland: Cultured well-spoken country-dweller. Interested music, animals, outdoor activities. Not 'scene' or left-wing. Qualities admired — integrity, sensitivity.

BETTE, South Cornwall: I'm 22; love the country, cycling, swimming; crazy about Bette Davis and her movies, and adore my live open fire (I guess I'm a romantic at heart!)

KAY ROBINSON, East Midlands: 30s, 5'3", slim, longish hair, spectacles. Bookish, dry humour. Likes: cinema, pubs, music.

CHARLIE, West Kent: 18 year old feminist, socialist, student, desperately wishes to meet others — as she just doesn't know anyone.

KATHY, Luton: I'm 21, brown hair, blue eyes, looking for friends to write or meet. All letters answered.

CAPRICIA, North-West London: 37 years old, Irish, reserved.

RED EARTH, Oxford: Crazy artist (29) with child. Inadvertently eccentric! A thinker and survivor. Sensitive, deep, silly/funny. Basically in love with life.

ZENITH, West London: Ex-nurse. Attached. Writer. Age 34. Humorous. Deep. Variety of qualities depending on how you catch me — I'm an Aquarian!

COLETTE, Essex Coast: French Noisette.

Artemis 5

G NOT STRAIGHT — BUT NOT NARROW
RANYA MAIDENSDAUGHTER", who, so far as I know, is just about the only 'straight' member of the *Artemis* contact service, has a thought-provoking article in this issue.

In her covering letter, when she sent it to us, she said, "I hope that it won't offend your readership because of being written by a 'straight' woman." I replied that I did not think our readers were likely to be so narrow.

But it set me thinking. When we started *Artemis*, we described it as a magazine for women who love women. We still do. We always saw our first job as serving the lesbian community; but at the same time we feel (as Granya does) that there are many ways in which women can love women, and that *Artemis* is here to celebrate, encourage and help each and every one of them.

So we were a little taken aback to think that some people might see *Artemis* as being so narrowly lesbian that we would hesitate even to print the views of a 'straight' reader. We don't want it to be that way.

What do you think?

Which brings us to the thorny topic of men. Speaking for myself, I think men are just fine in their place, though some of my best friends find they bring them out in a rash.

Some of the previous lesbian magazines were pretty strongly anti-men, some of them even going so far as to have NOT TO BE SEEN BY MEN printed on the cover.

Granted, some men might read a lesbian magazine for the wrong motives, but we have always avoided this type of policy for a variety of reasons:

Firstly, it would restrict the number of girls we could reach, because we would have to avoid putting the magazine on public sale in shops, and our policy is to reach as many girls as possible.

Secondly, it is frankly impractical. To name only one flaw, many of our first time mail-order buyers sign themselves J. Smith or P. Jones or somesuch. When they later subscribe, we usually find out that they are Jane Smith or Penelope Jones; but they might just as easily have been John Smith or Pug-nose Pete Jones. What are we sup-



posed to do? Send a private investigator round to each address to check up? Or do we rely on these evil, dirty-minded men to read the notice on the cover: NOT TO BE SEEN BY MEN, and immediately cover their eyes, grope their way to the dustbin and throw it in?

But there is a more important reason. There are various publications for gay men in this country. Some of them rather more salacious than *Artemis*. Do any of them blaze forth the message: NOT TO BE SEEN BY WOMEN? They do not. Now admittedly women are less likely to buy men's magazines to drool over. I expect that is because men are not so pretty. But it does happen. And do you think it worries the publishers or the readers of these magazines? It does not. Why not? Because men are not frightened of women. They do not see women as a threat.

Now I think women should stop being frightened of men. Admittedly men can sometimes be a threat. There are various ways of dealing with that threat. But a sensible one is not cowering in a corner, hiding our magazines away from them, and making them harder for our own sisters to get hold of.

"Pessimism is at best an emotional half-holiday. Joy is the uproarious labour by which all things live." G.K. Chesterton

The Perfect All-Girl Lettercol

LETTERS TO ARTEMIS. Names in inverted commas are Club noms de plume.



BETTER NEVER LATE!

Dear Editor,

According to the entries in my diary, I despatched my request for *Artemis* on 19th April, and as it had not arrived by 5th May, it is hardly surprising that I should complain.

Artemis did not arrive until 9th May, i.e. 17 working days after my request. Thus I was not at all embarrassed, but justly peeved!

The contents of *Artemis* 4 — as manna from heaven to one in the wilderness — dispelled my annoyance at a touch. Following long years of uncertainty and darkness — even a ten year old marriage — I come late indeed to lesbianism, to serve at the feet of the daughter of Zeus and Leto.

The thrill of loving another woman is one that I have not yet experienced, and I cannot wait to find my first dear friend.

Please enrol me as a member.
"Susanna", Sussex.

Thank you for your kind appreciation, Susanna, and I hope you find all that you're looking for... But just a doggone minute; I think it's time we got things straight about the length of time it takes for folks to get their *Artemis*. Firstly, all your letters come to us via British Monomarks. That is bound to add at least a day or two to the overall delivery time. Secondly, everyone involved in the despatch and distribution of *Artemis* is doing it voluntarily in her spare time. Now, when you consider that it is not at all unusual for commercial mail-order firms with full-time paid despatch departments to say "Please allow 21 [or often 28] days for delivery", I don't think seventeen working days is at all bad, do you?

Complaining seems to be a bit of a cult these days, but let's not start doing it to each other!

P.S. That doesn't mean, of course, that you will always have to wait that long. As a matter of fact, your letter took an unusually long time to reach us. It did not arrive until the third of May and your magazine was despatched on the fifth.

ARTEMIS AND NEW LACE

Dear Ladies,

A friend gave a copy of your publication to me, issue 4, and I simply love it! It was given to me because we have the same name. I always knew that name would come in handy one day. Granted, I haven't seen every publication the lesbian community has to offer, but I have yet to see one as stylish and refreshing as yours. Women in America could learn from you. The layout, graphics and sense of humor are pleasing and long overdue. You can't know what a glad sight it is to read something designed for lesbians that isn't filled with radical anger and utterly devoid of taste. Bless you for giving me some small sense of hope for the lesbian world.

Artemis Oakgrove, Managing Editor, *Lace* Publications, Denver, Colorado.

Thank you, *Artemis*! *Lace* Publications will be launching this Autumn, and *Artemis* is looking for another book to go to press with. She said that she was so impressed with the quality of writing in *Artemis* that she hoped we could help. Unfortunately none of our regular writers is able to offer a manuscript. How about you girls out there? *Lace* will be publishing lesbian fiction with strong lesbian main characters in the areas of erotica; adventure, fantasy, gothic, historical, humour, mystery, spiritual/occult (no horror), romance and science fiction. Manuscripts should be around 350 double spaced typewritten pages 25 lines in length.



"You were right, Cynthia, those new stink bombs are a lot stronger than the old ones!"



Artemis girls have a proud ancestry, and from time to time, it's good to take a look at our past. So this issue we take a look at Club Laurel back in...

The Gay Fifties



CLUB LAUREL stood at the corner of Laurel Canyon and Ventura Blvd. in North Hollywood. From the outside it appeared like any other nightclub, but inside was another world. The photograph of Miss Beverly Shaw, Sir! in the front window tipped off people in the know, for she offered "songs tailored to your taste."

Known for her sultry delivery, Beverly Shaw entertained at the Chi Chi Club and Mona's in San Francisco's North Beach. She moved to L.A. [Los Angeles] in the 1950s and performed at the gay Flamingo Club. After the Flamingo came the Club Laurel. After three years, she purchased the club, where she remained the star attraction, drawing crowds for fourteen years. We had the great fun of meeting her and, as usual, everything had its own story...

When did you start using Sir!?

I saw Groucho Marx interview Tallulah Bankhead and he called her sir. He said it was because her voice was so low. I picked it up and it stuck.

What made your shows so special?

On the slow songs, I would drape the microphone over my shoulder and look right into the audience. I always chose a few women in the audience and sang directly to them. It gave a personal feeling to the show which is so important.

Is there a special song associated with you?

Honeysuckle Rose is my signature song. I started singing it early in my own special way. Everybody loved it... Each night also had a signature song. I closed with *Where did the Night Go?* Then the band would play Brahms' Lullaby and I would say — Ladies and Gentlemen, this is our gentle way of saying good night to you, musically and lyrically for the Club Laurel Review. Keep in mind we're open seven nights a week. Never dark. We're here to meet you, greet you, and especially to sing and play

for you — and with you. Keep in mind if you did not enjoy our show do not tell your friends; let them find out the hard way. Keep in mind for those of you who have not received a traffic ticket lately, be sure to make a 'U' turn in front of this place because the boys in blue are waiting just around the corner, just for you. And so, ladies and gentlemen, this is Miss Beverly Shaw, Sir! saying good night to you for her crew and thank you for listening. Bon soir, au revoir and so long everybody.

IN THE AUDIENCE

"It was a real gay club — not just full of caricatures. It seemed out of its time and place to me. You saw a lot of movie stars and that made it seem even more unreal. I guess you could call Beverly Shaw a role model of sorts but we didn't have terms like that then. It gave me the first idea that gays could have a place like that."

"We couldn't believe the Club Laurel. It was fabulous. Here was this uptown club unlike anything in the way of a gay club that we had ever seen. You knew right away this was different. It was our first time except for Ptown that we had ever been totally at ease and comfortable in a gay place. You didn't need to keep one ear checked for breaking glass in a place like the Laurel. At the time, I remember wondering how she did it or what it cost her."

"I remember, of course, all the fabulous clothes she wore. All those suits in different fabrics and colors. In those days, they did not make those clothes for women and I remember thinking that she must have had them made especially for her. We all liked it — she appealed to both femmes and butches."

"The first gay girl I knew took me to see Beverly Shaw at the Old Beverly Caverns in Beverly Hills. That must have been in the early 1950s. Well, this gorgeous redhead just sent me into a tailspin. I had to get her to sit with us. Somehow, I succeeded. But my friend spilt her beer all over Beverly and my life took another turn. Beverly, of course, would not sit with any beer slob. That was the end of my romance but not the end of my admiration. I followed her wherever she sang from the Flamingo to the Club Laurel to the Joannie Presents. She was always fabulous but without the Club Laurel, it was never the same."

Courtesy of the West Coast Lesbian Collections

Jane Austen on history:

"The men all so good for nothing, and hardly any women at all — it is very tiresome: and yet I often think it odd that it should be so dull, for a great deal of it must be invention."

It's Amelia Bingham time again.

I just don't know how JENNY FALCONER does it. Every story seems better than the last. I think you'll agree as you meet...



The Sorceress's Apprentice



I WAS BECOMING quite used to the Girl Guides Club. It takes a little getting used to, I must confess. It is a place that has an atmosphere all of its own, and seems to have its own conventions. But the girls there are all very friendly and good natured once you get to know them.

It was during the party that Amelia held there after my sister's wedding reception and that extraordinary business with Mr Bill Cretin the singer, that I really began to settle in and feel at home. Within a week or so, I was beginning to wonder why I had thought the place so much out of the ordinary.

It was then that I encountered somebody who revived all the feelings of excitement and anxiety that I had felt upon my second visit (on my first, you may remember, I was rather too preoccupied).

As soon as she entered the Dining Room, it was as though the atmosphere changed. She had dark eyes and fox-red hair. She was perhaps ten years older than Amelia. I could describe her for pages, but the thing that was most striking about her is impossible to describe. Whenever I have been in a room with Amelia, it is as if she forms the centre of that room. Whatever is happening, there is a sense, at least among all who are sensitive to such things, that she is the strongest, most colourful and vital personality present. But as this new lady entered, it was as if the room had two centres — as if the very air were hovering, waiting to see which was the stronger.

The question did not long remain unanswered. The new arrival made straight for Amelia. Amelia rose to greet her. She was taller than Amelia. Amelia stepped forward and kissed her hand. I was taken aback. I had never seen one woman do that to another before.

But I was more taken aback by the visible change in Amelia. She was no longer the centre. She did not even care to be the centre. She took on the character of

some delightfully elfin creature paying playful homage to a great magician.

The sorceress put her hand under Amelia's chin and lifted her face to meet her eyes. She took her jaw between finger and thumb, squeezing just firmly enough to cause mild discomfort, and turned her head slightly first to one side and then to the other, as if examining her.

"Amelia," she said at last, "you are looking well, child."

"Natasha Arkadyevna Ovlonsky," said Amelia, "allow me to introduce the Honourable Hypatia Chevender. Pash, this is the lady who taught me everything I know."

"As I recall it," said the Sorceress, "you knew a good deal when I first met you. But I believe it is not untrue to say that I have had a formative influence on your development."

"But Hypatia. I am delighted to meet you. The recovery of your jewels from that boulder Franconi has already passed into legend. I believe I have seen you once before, but we were not then introduced."

I had indeed caught sight of Natasha Ovlonsky at a magnificent house party held some weeks previously at the English country estate of the Marquis of Chiaralino, a fabulously wealthy Italian nobleman, whose admirers hail him as the last great poet of western civilisation.

"Oh, yes," I replied, turning to Amelia. "Why did you not introduce us then?"

"I was working, my dear," replied the Sorceress. "I should not have been in a position to savour the unrepeatable pleasure of meeting you for the first time. I could not have given you the undivided attention you so fully require. Amelia would not have made the mistake of introducing you to me at that time and perhaps earning my displeasure."

"Well, I am more than honoured to meet you now, Princess Natasha."

"I prefer that you should not use that title, child, it belongs to the past."

"But surely you would not let fleeting political events..." She raised her eyebrows ever so slightly, causing my heart to skip a beat and my flesh to tingle.

"There is a time and a place for me to use my title. It is neither here nor now."

Clearly, I had been too bold. I looked to Amelia to say something; to lighten the atmosphere. Her lips were set in an enigmatic half-smile. Clearly she did not intend to intervene. I struggled on alone.

"You say that you were 'working'... I do not think I understand."

The Sorceress smiled graciously. I could breathe again.

"Ah, I see, then, that Amelia has not told you about my craft or profession. I run an organisation called Life Theatricals. A suitably modern-sounding name, I hope; although most of Amelia's chums here refer to it as rent-a-hoax."

"The idea is very simple. It is based upon the fact that in the modern world, many people subsist on dreams. After all, so far as the grand and heroic things of life are concerned, there is little else left for most of the poor dears to live on."

"Let me give you an example. One of my clients is a rather dashing young blond gentleman. His dream is that he is a brilliant motor cyclist. He has a most elaborate two-wheeled machine, even though he is well able to afford a decent motor carriage. He is able to ride it, certainly, quite sufficiently to transport himself from one place to another; but that, apparently, is about the limit of his abilities. What more would any intelligent person want? you may ask. Well, I am no connoisseur, but it would seem that there is a great deal more for those who are. And this young gentleman leads all of his acquaintance to believe that he is capable of performing the full gamut."

"Well, it would appear that during some late-night revel, when solid sense was somewhat displaced by liquid, my client promised his friends a display of his sub-equestrian prowess on the very next afternoon. An embarrassing predicament, you will agree. Wisely he sought out the services of Life Theatricals."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Simplicity itself, child. I have an extensive list of suppliers of all kinds, so there was little difficulty in procuring at short notice the three necessary things: firstly a motorcycle identical to that of my client. Secondly a leather suit and helmet equally identical. Thirdly a professional stunt-rider normally employed in motion pictures."

"At the time and place appointed for the demonstration, our professional rider was stationed behind a small hillock. It was only necessary for my client at the beginning of the display to pass behind it and remain there for the duration. The same substitution was, of course, made at the end of the display, after which my client removed his helmet, to the rapturous applause of his admiring friends."

"One of our less elaborate — and less expensive — exercises, but nonetheless affording great satisfaction to all concerned."

"Splendid!" cried Amelia. "You've never told me that one before."

"It only happened last week," replied the Sorceress.

"But I still do not understand how you came to be 'working' at the Marquis of Chiaralino's house party." I said.

"I arranged it," she replied. "I was not present at the motorcycle display. It was a simple enough job, and in any case, I cannot abide noisy engines. But on a large job like the house party, I consider it my duty to keep a personal watch on the proceedings at every stage."

"How do you mean, you arranged it? What about that old butler who had been with the family for so many years? Was he not in charge of the arrangements?"

"He was my second in command, so to speak. I hired him the week before along with the entire household staff. Fortunately a considerable number of out-of-work actors have experience in catering."

"You see, the Marquis does not have an English estate. I doubt if he even has an Italian one. I daresay he has some remote claim to his title, though I do not make it my business to enquire into such things."

"But it was certainly a genuine country house."

"Yes, the family who own it were only too glad to accept my offer to vacate it for the weekend. These are bad times as you know, and I was glad to be able to help them with such a substantial tax-free sum."

"But it must be quite a prominent house. Did not any of the guests know it?"

"The Marquis's friends are all poets and university intellectuals. They do not know anything. Though I confess that I was a little afraid that you would know it, Miss Chevender."

"I do not know anything. If Amelia tells me that it is the Marquis's estate, then, for me it is the Marquis's estate."



"Okay, hana over your valuables, or we unleash the Killer Parrot!"

"You learn quickly, child. So, there we have it."

"At any rate, the Marquis must be very wealthy. The whole affair must have cost a small fortune."

"Two small fortunes. One for the expenses, the other for Life Theatricals. As for the Marquis, he is an improvident man. Sometimes he is wealthy, sometimes he is very much the reverse. Apart from his salary as a visiting lecturer at some obscure university, he is engaged in the business of importing jewellery. I should estimate that he makes about three fortunes a year, and spends about four."

"Unfortunately for me, I must have caught him at the wrong moment. He paid me for the affair with a cheque. A cheque which was not honoured."

"Gracious! You must have lost thousands. Did you not take precautions?"



"...and furthermore, that is the most ridiculous hat I have ever seen in my life."

"One does not anticipate anything so vulgar as a bouncing cheque. Nor have I any legal redress without compromising the discreet nature of my business. *C'est la guerre.*"

While we were talking, Camellia Cadogan had entered the Dining Room and accepted Amelia's silent invitation to join us at our table.

"You're talking about the Marquis of Chiaralino," she said. "I've got a corking story about him. I've just come in from New York, and I happened to be on the same plane as he was. He sat next to me and started his incessant chatter."

"That Natasha Ovlonsky," he said, "she is little more than a gangster. As I am boarding this aircraft, one of her people come up to me and say: Natasha Arkadyevna get even with you. We know what you got in that briefcase. We are calling the London Airport Customs. They arrest you when

you get off. Just one chance. Give me the case now."

The Sorceress raised her eyebrows a little, and a look of amused suspicion crossed her face.

"Well," said the Marquis, "I am not so easily intimidated. In my business, you need a cool head, and brains inside it too. I will think of a way to get my merchandise past those fellows. You watch me."

"Well, he must have done some hard thinking, because he forgot to talk for at least a quarter of the journey."

"And then he saw just what he wanted. A priest carrying a briefcase identical to his own. Well, he knew what to do then, of course, so he settled back and treated me to his views on everything that came into his head until we arrived in London."

"I must say he is a smooth operator. I have never seen anyone pull off the old switcheroo as neatly as he changed cases with that priest."

"I lost sight of him after that, but about fifteen minutes later, when we were both through customs, I saw him again, looking most disgruntled."

"Everything go according to plan?" I asked.

"It did not," he replied. "I try to stop that priest and tell him about the mistake with the bag. But what you think? He takes no notice of me. He just keeps walking straight for this big limousine in the car park. The door opens. In he gets and off goes the car. And when the door opens, who you think I see sitting in the back of that car?"

"I can't guess," I said. "Who?"

"Amelia Bingham."

"Well, well," laughed Amelia, "you have quite spoiled my little surprise for Natasha Arkadyevna; but it is a rare opportunity to see a practical joke from the other side."

"It was one of my New York odd-jobbers who gave the warning at the airport, and so was the priest. I knew when the Marquis saw that identical briefcase he wouldn't be able to resist that old stunt."

"And what was in the briefcase?" asked the Sorceress.

"Oh, pretty stones," replied Amelia. "More than enough to cover your fees. And a lovely emerald, which I shall have set for Pash. As for the rest; well, the Marquis can regard that as a fine for bad behaviour; while I shall look upon it as a debt-collector's fee."

"Wild child!" exclaimed the Sorceress.

"I should never have been able to tame you."

"Ah, but wouldn't you, Natasha Arkadyevna," murmured Amelia. "Wouldn't you?"

The Perfect All-Girl Lettercol



LETTERS TO ARTEMIS. Names in inverted commas are Club noms de plume.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

Dear Artemis,

Darlings! — How wonderful to have a mag like *Artemis*! Here in the South-West, we feel very isolated and *Artemis* is the mag that brightens our lives and makes us feel we're not alone any more!

Inspired by your example, some of us girls got together to form an information network for lesbians in the South-West. We now have a telephone line in Plymouth open on Tuesday nights 7.30p.m.-9.30p.m. phone number 261251. But we are very much in need of information on what is happening/what to do/where to go in the South-West and we are hoping that some *Artemis* girls may be able to help.

We are, of course, recommending to all women who contact us that they buy *Artemis*!

Love & Kisses,
Prudence, Plymouth.

FEMININE AND FUN

Dear Anne,

Thank you for the three issues of *Artemis* you have kindly forwarded...

I have enjoyed reading them and congratulate your outstanding effort to produce a very different and personal magazine (it was made for us!)

I am quite conservative, and find publications like *Spare Rib* depressing — as well as impossible to obtain. I am glad that in your publication, lesbianism has been portrayed as feminine and fun instead of an angry political backlash.

Amelia and the Girl-Guide Club — great! Good luck.

"Cusanu", Gwynedd.

HAPPY ENDING

Dear Artemis,

I am one of your subscribers, and though I would still like to receive your magazine, please would you take my name off the contact list. This is because I have now met the woman of my dreams!

"Atthis", Sussex.

SERVICE GAME

Dear Miss Gilmour,

Thank you so much for printing Jane's letter in *Artemis* 3. She explains so clearly and articulately something which I am sure so many girls feel.

In the same issue, Gillian mentions her fantasy of being a maid. I thought readers might be interested to know that I really *am* a maid. I live in my mistress's big house in the country. I have a black uniform with a white apron. My mistress is very kind but very strict. She expects me to do everything just as she wishes.

Some people might say that I am not a real maid, because I am not paid wages. But my mistress keeps me in her lovely house and looks after me. I love her very much, but although we are both gay, I do not consider her at all to be my girl friend. That would just be cheeky.

I serve my mistress because that is the job I want to do most in the world. I would hate to work for a man (or a woman) in some stupid office or shop. If my mistress did not need me any longer, I would look for another mistress. But I know that will never happen.

I would like to have a long-term girl friend one day, and I would not particularly like her to give me a lot of discipline. I would like it if she also wanted to serve my mistress or her girl friend, maybe as a chauffeur.

Maybe this all sounds a bit strange, but I assure you it is true and I am not making it up. These things really do happen more often than most people would think. If you don't believe me, you can write to the Wildfire Club, who put maids in touch with mistresses and find servants for girls who want them. They also specialise in governesses. Their address is B.M. Labrys, London WC1N 3XX.

"Dolly", Inverness.

SONNET (see Busy Page for explanation!)

I love you, yet I do not know your name.
Mongst womankind I know you are a doozy;
Your beauty know I by your own acclaim —
Which makes me think you something of a floozy.
Your lemon hair, your rainstorm-plastered dress,
Your matchless form of which you boast so freely,
Fills me with ardent passion to caress...
(Says Anne: "We're not that sort of rag — now really!").

And yet, 'tis not her protest makes me pause;
I stay because I have no wish to tussle
With Sam, that temperamental friend of yours,
Who I have heard is six-foot-six of muscle.
And so my words of love remain unspoken,
For heartbreak keeps the rest of me unbroken.



Truth is stranger than fiction.
Here is a real-life story from
one of our own members that
takes us on a journey...

Beyond Living Memory

by Timmie, Kent

AS A CHILD, I had a very peculiar memory. Many of the events of my childhood — even the larger ones — I forgot completely after a year or so of their happening. For example, my first school; which I attended for some years, receded into the foggiest vagueness, to the extent that I found it hard to believe that I had really been there by the time I was in the second year at my next school.

On the other hand, I had the clearest and most distinct recollection of people, places and events which my family assured me I had never known.

Luckily, my parents belonged to the generation which had largely lost faith in the pundits of modern psychiatry; so I was not bundled off to a headshrinker.

As I got older, I became convinced in my own mind of what the problem was. I had heard of cases where people had memories of previous lives. In my case, those memories were as strong, if not stronger than the memories of my present life. So strong, in fact, that it was difficult not to confuse the two things in my mind.

My earliest memories are of city streets. Tall buildings, often three or more storeys high, and many gables and ornamental spires. I remember horse-drawn carriages; and at first I used to think that they belonged to Victorian times. But they were unlike any carriages I have ever seen in books. In the city, carriages were nearly always tall, with great canopies above them. Carriages and houses were often ornamented with gold, as if it was a very rich city. I remember being told that it was the richest city of the world. The city of all cities. The city of gold.

There was an oriental feeling about this city of my birth (for truly, I now feel that this childhood was my childhood; and the childhood of this life has receded to a haze of vagueness). I thought of China and of Byzantium. But the City of Gold was ruled by an Empress. Not because the Emperor was dead, but because the City was always ruled by an Empress. Actually, I do not remember many men in the City at all.

I remember a temple, not far from where

we lived. It was tall with gold spires. Inside it was dark blue with gold stars. There was bright mosaic and stained glass. Candles burned on a dozen little shrines, and always the blue-robed sisters were chanting their high unearthly music.

As I grew older, I stopped talking to people about my earlier life, because I only ever got incredulous stares. But about a year ago, I met the girl that I knew I wanted to share my life with, and I knew I could not keep all this a secret from her. So one night, after we had been out for a meal, and when we were both rather the better for drink, I started to tell her. She listened in amazed silence. Her eyes went so wide and round that I thought she was about to tell me that I was mad. Instead she told me that she had had very similar memories herself. She had no trouble remembering this life, and her memories of the Golden City were much vaguer. But they were exactly similar to mine.

I told her how I had had a younger sister, and how she had left home at quite a young age to join the temple. I told her how I had always missed her, even though she came home to mother and me on frequent visits; and she told me that she had long imagined entering a temple, and leaving her mother and the sister who (in this life) she never had. So much of our stories tied together that we felt sure that we had been sisters all those thousands of years ago, and that fate had drawn us together again.

It was a warm summer night, and both of us were reminded of those long hot nights in the Golden City, when the moon hung huge and bright over the rooftops and the air was heavy with the scent of incense and of exotic flowers, perhaps now extinct.

Perhaps you could dismiss it as mind-reading. And yet both of us had these memories long before we met each other.

When I read *Silverwolf* in the first issue of this magazine, the description of Petra so strongly reminded me of my own remembering as a child, that I felt sure the authoress must have had a similar experience. I wrote to her to ask if she had. She would not be drawn on that subject, but she did tell me something which, to me, was even more interesting.

She told me that my description of the Golden City was an exact account of the Holy City of Cairo, the centre of the last great matriarchal Empire, on that sunken continent which, thousands of years later, Plato came to call Atlantis. A

What's a straight kid like
you doin' in a place like
this? The same question
occurred to GRANYA
MAIDENSDAUGHTER, and
thereby hangs a tale...



Straight Talking

WHAT'S A 'straight' woman doing, writing in a 'gay' magazine? Well, I think this question itself (I've been asked it by friends) says a great deal, as it's based on the tacit assumption that there are only two ways of relating to people — heterosexual and homosexual. You see how the question hinges on sex, as if we were all nothing more than genitals-on-legs?

I decided to write this article partly from a sense of frustration at Joe Public's many assumptions about me and every other woman. For example, he takes it for granted that a woman who relates passionately to other women *must* of course fancy other women sexually. (It ain't necessarily so, Joe!) J.P. also assumes that there is only one other option for a woman — relating sexually to men, and to the exclusion of any but trivial relationships with other women.

Do you like these stark black/white options, these rigid categories, these labels, these false alternatives? I don't, and I resent the way patriarchal society reduces the richness and complexity of human emotions and loving to what-goes-on-between-the-sheets. I resent the writing-off of female friendships to some sort of 'perversion', some imbalance of hormones, some deficiency of upbringing, some juvenile or adolescent phase that 'one should have got over'. And I resent anyone making assumptions about my sexuality! Do you feel these resentments familiar to your own heart, reader?

I think there cannot be one woman reading this magazine who does not know the warmth, the delight, the diversity and deep sharing, the profound satisfactions of friendship between women — the attunement of emotions, the enjoyment and laughter, the ecstasy of shared aesthetic and spiritual experiences, the ease and relaxation of being with a loved friend, the passionate discussions, arguments, enthusiasms... and very few women who realise that as recently as the early years of this century, such friendship was considered the norm. In Victorian days, passionate avowals of love between women were considered perfectly acceptable. Even today in most so-called 'primitive' societies,

devoted and romantic friendships between women flourish, and no-one thinks to exercise the arrogance of assuming sexual relations, for the simple reason that the 'primitive' concept of friendship recognises a wide diversity of heartfelt love between people of either sex.

However, our late patriarchal society has an obsession with sex which borders on paranoia. Many deep friendships between women are prevented because straight women are terrified of being thought 'lesbian' — terrified of linking arms in the street, of being 'too keen' on a friend, of hugging a friend, of going away on holiday together — because patriarchal society's definition of 'lesbian' signifies an evil, perverted woman whose sole purpose of associating with her own sex is 'to do something dirty in bed', a sort of monster who wants to sexually assault little girls. In mixed schools, girls who show too great an attachment to each other may be abused by male (and even female) classmates as lesbian, and will withdraw from close friendships to avoid this. It has even been reported that in some *infant* schools, girl pupils who hold hands have had 'lezzy' shouted at them by little boys; one wonders how children of such tender age can have acquired such prejudices!

Patriarchy could be defined as the organised hatred of the Feminine Principle. Patriarchy would like Demeter and Persephone to be separated for ever, for the lively Maiden to rot in the underworld, in the arms of a necrophiliac Pluto, for the Feminine Principle to be fragmented and destroyed in all its aspects; the vulgar abusive cry of 'lezzy' is one way in which men try to prevent woman/woman love, love which is an expression of the love between the Goddess and her Daughter. It is possible to be heterosexual and yet for one's prime loyalties to be toward women; one must be careful not to play the patriarchal game of false alternatives; loving women does not exclude loving men — it is a question of each being valuable on its own proper level. Likewise, loving women *is* possible for women whose sexual preference is towards the opposite sex. I hope that 'straight' women reading this might think again, might remember the joy of the friendships they had with their friends at school, before fear set in, and might put a little more energy into spreading love and happiness among women. A

A message for "anon" of Basingstoke:

Σκιδναμένες ἐν στήθεσιν ὄργας
μαυλάκαν γλῶσσαν πεφύλαχθαι.

Sappho

You've all met them — Now they've got a name!



Femme de Siècle



by "Mitylene"



COINING A NAME for any group or movement is a delicate business, best performed under the influence of alcohol. When that group or movement is as subtle and undefined as the one which I have called the *femme de siècle*, the operation is doubly delicate.

There is, of course, no group of people who would call themselves *femme de siècle*. Nor would the people in question admit to any other group name. Nevertheless, there is a definite tendency emerging among a number of people. To some extent it has existed for a long time, but over the last few years it has been taking on a more definite form. The first step towards understanding it is to give it a name.

Why *femme de siècle*?

1. Because it has a distinct similarity to the *fin de siècle* movement at the end of the last century and is gathering momentum toward the end of this century.

2. Because it is predominantly feminine.

The end of last century saw a movement which challenged the social, moral and artistic norms of the day. It was by no means a unified movement, ranging from the decadence of Huysmans's *Against Nature* through the aestheticism of Oscar Wilde to the delicate subtlety of Maeterlinck and Walter Pater (who said "All art tends to the condition of music").

In the crass, vulgar bourgeois world of the late nineteenth century, the movement represented a move toward refinement, and perhaps over-refinement.

The late twentieth century has plumbed depths of crassness and vulgarity undreamed of by the coarsest of the Victorians. The grossness of the modern media, commercial advertising and political movements of every hue is probably unrivalled in the history of the world.

Against this crude carnival, the *femme de siècle* places the values of subtlety and femininity. It is not primarily a lit-

erary or artistic movement. One girl I know dismissed the idea of writing a book as too vulgar, saying that there were only a handful of people in the world with whom it was worthwhile to share one's soul. Another said that all the great art of western civilisation had been completed by the end of the last century and people only made fools of themselves when they tried to add more. On the other hand, there are a few people whom I would include in the *femme de siècle* who do write.

Perhaps the simplest way of presenting the *femme de siècle* is to take various aspects of life and try to give some indication of the attitude to them. But bear in mind that these only represent general tendencies.

SEX

Some *femme de siècle* girls, if pressed, would classify themselves as gay; fewer as straight. Most would refuse any such classification (though bisexuality is definitely 'not up' as a favourite phrase has it). Talk about sex in general is not up, and only practised by

yahoos (another favourite word).

Over-emphasis on sex is typical of yahoos, with their continual need for crude stimuli. The *femme de siècle* is interested in subtler forms of sensuality. One girl, hearing that her circle was being described as lesbian, wrote: "as to the accusations of lesbianism, what more could be expected of those wholly ignorant of the infinite *nuances* of human — or more specifically of feminine affection?"

I should explain that this does not indicate hostility to lesbianism, but rather contempt for the modern tendency to see everything in terms of sex, and a preference for the subtler over the grosser modes of sensuality.

MAGIC

Subtle sensuality can, in some cases, spill over into the area

of magic. As with the original *fin de siècle*, some of the girls have an interest in this subject. Others are sceptical or uninterested, although a complete disbelief in magic is considered somewhat yahoo. In various ways which are difficult to define (and which it would be definitely not up to reveal in print) magic shades off into the areas of power- and role-playing games, and *vice versa*.

POWER GAMES

These are popular among the *femme de siècle*; the mistress-and-servant relationship is very common; or sometimes it is simply accepted that among two friends one should obey the other. She will then be called the protégée. As one girl said: "Non-hierarchical relationships are so boring."

Games is perhaps a misleading term, as they are treated with complete seriousness by the circle concerned. Becoming a protégée is certainly no less real and binding than taking a job. The misty borderline between 'game' and 'reality' is one of the favourite meeting-places of the *femme de siècle*.

MORALITY

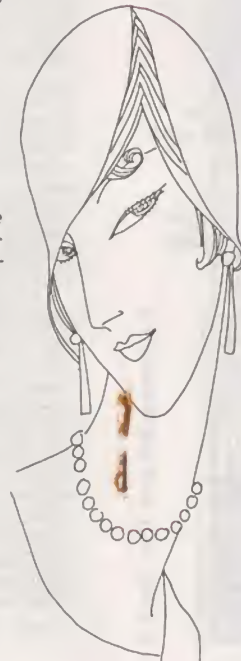
The *femme de siècle* are unusual in that they reject conventional morality. What is so unusual about that? you may ask. Doesn't every other spotty sixth-former and polytechnic lecturer reject conventional morality? Of course they don't. They reject the morality that was conventional before the last war. They do not dream for one moment of rejecting the morality which is really conventional today.

An example of the 'amorism' of the *femme de siècle* is the name given by a girl I know to a teashop she started: 'Let Them Eat Cake'. She explained gleefully: "It is a parody of the trendy alternative style of shop-name; but it embodies the attitudes they most dislike; it should needle their bourgeois post-non-conformist moralism. Unfortunately they aren't very bright. I expect most of them will miss the joke."

In other ways they have high moral standards, based on their concepts of honour and personal dignity. "My word binds me more tightly than any legal contract", said one, and I think most would agree with that. Many follow a religion, either conventional or matriarchalist (Roman Catholicism is popular, but only Archbishop Lefebvre's variety). Complete atheism, like complete disbelief in magic, is rather yahoo.

MUSIC AND CULTURE

This could make an article in itself, or even a book. The cultural tastes of the *femme de siècle* are very wide-ranging, and it is easiest to start with what they do not like.



Firstly pop music. All pop music. Everything from Rock and Roll onward, with a particular detestation for the Beatles. Secondly television. All television. Owning a television is the surest single sign that a girl is not *femme de siècle*.

'Up' are ragtime music, superhero comics, Bach, Brahms, Bogart and Bacall. There is a strong camp tendency with a special *femme de siècle* twist. Girls drink and talk among *Art Nouveau* light fittings to a background of Bing Crosby or Richard Strauss. As I said before, it would take at least an article to go into this. Perhaps I will write it one day.

To sum up: the *femme de siècle* is impossible to sum up. It is not a united movement, but a tendency. The girl who I think most epitomises the movement phrased it thus: "We are opposed to all that is gross, all that is unsubtle, all that is vulgar, all that is ugly, all that is coarse. In short, to the world around us. We are not a movement. We are the renaissance of femininity." A

The Busy Page

THE SPHINX CROSSWORD

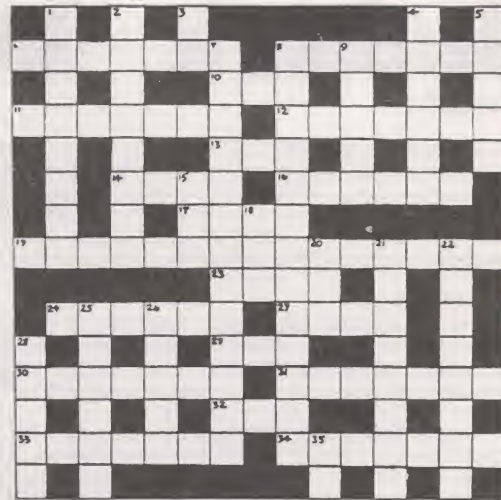
Clues Across

6. Star-spangled lawkeeper.
8. Sound the horn - there's a lion in the car!
10. The first to play a motherly role.
11. Nothing but the best is good enough for girls who take this view.
12. Famous but incompetent.
13. New Yorkers gathered here for 'A Night at the Opera'.
14. Keep a schoolgirl in behind it.
16. Wish we had them, but we're not in rags!
17. Readers of this page aren't.
19. Roles, Power, hockey etc. (5,6,4)
23. Remain to support a strait-laced lady.
24. Two playing a star role.
27. Behind your right ear.
29. Devour most of the meat.
30. Old Moore's calendar of events.
31. I join the in-game - and I need to do this to play it.
32. He played the hunchback in Paris, but if he joined up with a lecturer, he'd make capital in England.
33. Seven have it.
34. Spanish nobleman is just a big squeak.

Clues Down

1. Horse-lover who gives us the pip!
2. Seven, and quite a pet.
3. Kipling's poem introduces a condition.
4. A small bite.
5. Divine compliment for well-behaved two.
7. Frenchwoman sounds like the end - but this could be the start of something big! (5,2,6)
8. Middling sweet sorrow? (6,7)
9. Old Mexican sounds like a detective.
15. Gratuity or dump.
18. Husband of a salty lady.
20. Bitter bath - a fib, we hear.
21. Girls who *always* do as they are told, or pagans, if you look at it differently.
22. She rang 27 and set it all up.
25. Stoat's coat.
26. Greek style, ironic but not right.
28. Such families are one of 19.
35. Egyptian sun.

SONNET COMPETITION: Write a sonnet, in strict form, on or to either Amelia Bingham or one of the protagonists of *Heartattack House*. An example is given on the letters page. Prizes for the best, for best caption entries and first correct crossword solution.



THE CAPTION COMPETITION

After two excellent tries last issue, Jane of Oxford hits the jackpot this time with the caption on the facing page. The reverse of a shotgun wedding, huh? We will send your prize to Linda for you. Others include:

"We really must get a fridge, Julia. It's getting to be a ghastly bore holding up the butcher's van every Tuesday." CAROL, FIFE.

"Deirdre mowed down every daisy on the hockey pitch with the birthday present from Aunt Alice." "KATH", GLASGOW.

"I may be expelled for this, but that new games mistress has provoked me to commit a crime of passion." "LIZA", DERBYSHIRE.

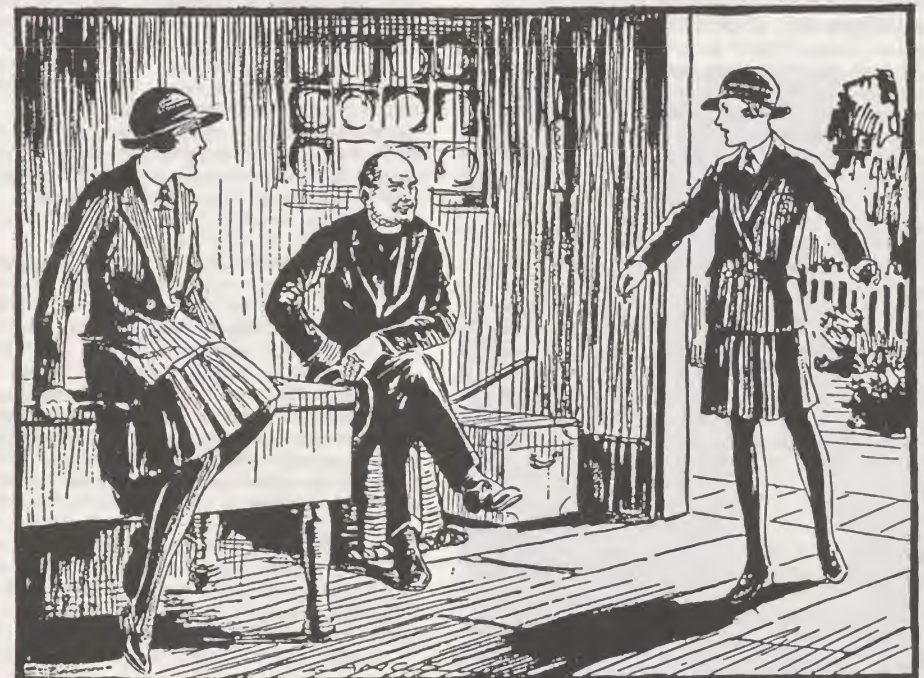
Winner: "Lartha", Chester

A	L	A	D	D	I	N	S	L	A	M	P
G	A	Y	B	A	R	S	N	O	B	E	R
I	B	E	E	H	A	O	O	P	E	R	I
N	E	S	N	I	L	W	E	D	E	N	
A	L	B	A	G	S	O	F	C	H	I	C
N	S	A	S	H	E	M	L	A	T	E	I
D	S	T	A	R	D	I	A	L	I	A	P
T	U	R	K	E	Y	S	K	I	N	G	A
O	P	Y	A	V	U	S	E	A	D	A	L
N	O	E	L	E	L	E	S	S	I	T	B
I	N	A	I	L	E	S	A	P	P	H	O
C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S	D	A	Y

Crossword Solution from Issue 3



"It was quicker than a divorce - and cheaper too!"



YOUR CAPTION.....



St. Bride's Revisited

In our last issue, we ran an account of Pip Langridge's stay at St. Bride's School: the famous establishment which turns grown-up girls into old-fashioned schoolgirls. Since then, as you probably know, the School has been at the centre of a great press controversy concerning the use of corporal punishment. Several papers — including, of course, *The Sun* & co. — dragged up the fact that the School's headmistress, Brighe Dachcolwyn, once wrote an article for *Artemis*, as if this were some kind of criminal offence and proof positive of dreadful sexual perversion at the School. So we felt it was up to *Artemis* to get behind the nonsense to the real story. ANNE GILMOUR interviews BRIGHE DACHCOLWYN:

Anne: Well, we've heard a lot about St. Bride's from other people. Most of it rot, I shouldn't wonder. Could you tell us briefly: What is the salient point about St. Bride's?

Miss Dachcolwyn: In one word, Anne, innocence. I think that is the crucial thing that is missing from the life of a modern child — and of a modern adult, come to that. St. Bride's is about recapturing the innocence you didn't have growing up in the second half of the twentieth century.

I think that is one of the reasons that some sections of the press have wanted to make sexual insinuations about us. After all, the media have played the key role in destroying innocence. I think they are really afraid of it. They want everything to be smutty.

Anne: The "gentlemen of the press" are certainly no gentlemen any more.

Miss Dachcolwyn: No ladies, either. Oddly enough, most of our worst press treatment came from women journalists. I think women become very corrupt in a dirty, male-oriented job like journalism. Also, many of them are uptight feminists who find St. Bride's personally threatening to their brittle sense of independence. We toyed with the idea of only working with men journalists — it would give an amusing jolt to their preconceptions.

Anne: Oh, but what about me?

Miss Dachcolwyn: I should never include you, Anne. You have always acted like a perfect gentleman.

Anne: Thank'ee kindly, Ma'am. But you could hardly say that of Priscilla.

Miss Dachcolwyn: Certainly not! Priscilla is an old St. Bride's girl. She could always be trusted.

Anne: But like it or not, you've certainly had a goodly amount of media coverage. Apart from all the newspapers, I hear you've been on television in America and Japan as well as Britain and Ireland. Is it true that Roy Hudd has been making jokes about you?

Miss Dachcolwyn: So I have heard, whoever he may be.

Anne: Oh, you don't have television at St. Bride's, do you?

Miss Dachcolwyn: I scarcely believed the thing existed until all those fellows with cameras and what-not arrived. One has come to accept talking pictures, but pictorial wireless seems a trifle *de trop*, don't you think?

Anne: It's certainly pretty dreadful. Wouldn't watch it with a barge-pole myself. But St. Bride's really exists in the 'twenties, doesn't it? I believe you even use pounds, shillings and pence.

Miss Dachcolwyn: What else would one use? Oh, I suppose you mean those peas, or whatever you call them.

Anne: That's right. Fifty pea, twenty pea and so on. They call them peas because they aren't worth beans.

Miss Dachcolwyn: Well, I can't believe they are more than a passing fad. It seems a waste of time teaching them to my girls as people will probably have gone back to using real money by the time they leave school; and then where would they be? The girls get about thirteen shillings pocket money for ten pounds of your pea-money. And that is thirteen *real* shillings which actually buy something.

Anne: Now, there's something I've been working myself around to asking you...

Miss Dachcolwyn: I can guess.

Anne: Yes. The papers talked a lot about spanking and caning at St. Bride's. What is the story?

Miss Dachcolwyn: Well, Anne, I suppose every age has its taboo subjects. Things nobody dares to discuss openly, but by which everyone is secretly fascinated. For the Victorians the great taboo was sex. In our day the taboo seems to be discipline.

That is why the gutter press was so fascinated by rumours of spankings at St. Bride's. Behind the feigned shock and horror, of course, lay a deliberate intention to titillate. To play upon the public's secret fascination with discipline.

At the time when those stories first broke, we were doing nothing of the sort. We had done some serious psychological work concerning attitudes to physical discipline; and the press deliberately misrepresented this to imply that girls coming to St. Bride's were being spanked.

What has happened since has been very interesting. One after another girls started approaching us and telling us that they felt they needed to be on a course where they could be spanked. Of the girls who were booked when the publicity came out, the ones who did *not* enquire positively about spanking were in the minority!

Anne: Why do you think this happened?

Miss Dachcolwyn: Well, speaking as a psychologist, I think I can rule out sleazy

motives in just about every case (there were one or two exceptions, and those we did not allow into the school).

The overwhelming need seems to be security. The majority of the girls had had a liberal modern upbringing with very little discipline. Most of them felt that this had made them insecure. In many cases they felt that they had been spoiled through lack of discipline — that they had become sloppy and casual, that they wanted to be taken in hand and shaped up.

A number of our girls actually were brought up strictly — often in convent schools — and felt that these were really the happiest experiences of their lives.

Lack of discipline does not make children happy, and some of them are intelligent enough to realise it. In London schools (I worked in one) girls are always asking for stricter guidelines on moral matters. The modern liberal teachers say to them, in effect: "I'm sorry, it's none of our business. Find out for yourself the hard way."

I've long felt that a lot of the rebellion — a lot of the trouble these girls get themselves into — was an unconscious desire to be disciplined. What I have learned recently is that in many cases it is perfectly conscious.

Time after time girls have said to me: "I was a rebel at school. I desperately



LAERETTA KRENNE-GENOVENE'S

Silverwolf

Illustrated by Michele Dennis



THE STORY SO FAR:

Modern English schoolgirl, Petra Stone is a reincarnation of the matriarchal warrior princess Mayanna. The Princess and the school-girl exist as two independent personalities. She has been taken back into ancient matriarchal Britain by an Amazon group: Rahiyana, the leader; Thunder, a seven-foot powerhouse; Whirlwind, the teen tornado and a shape-shifting imp called Uisce. But the evil patriarchal Lord Fear is determined to kill Petra and has sent in pursuit of the group a powerful and mysterious band known only as the Swarm. Having defeated the main body of the Swarm, the Amazons have been crushed by the invincible Iron Guard. Having seen their strongest comrades, Rahiyana and Thunder torn apart by the Swarm, Petra and Whirlwind have been taken prisoner.

SILVERWOLF

Section 3: Berserker.
Chapter 3: Berserker.

Scene: Deep in the forest stand two figures, almost invisible in the half-light among the trees. One is Greyface, Lord Fear's magician. The other is a teenage boy dressed in modern clothes. Greyface speaks.

"A thousand curses! They have taken her."
"Hey, whose side are you on, anyway?"
"You can drop that ridiculous jargon now. Lord Fear is angry. He thinks I am a fool. And his anger is dangerous. If the Swarm had failed to take her, my plan might have saved the day. Silverwolf is a creature of Nichai. Courage is her very essence. If she had taken that potion in a fit of cowardice, the magic of it would have fixed the cowardice forever in her heart. She could never again have become Silverwolf. Never again could she menace Lord Fear. Think how he would have rewarded me!"
"And would it have taken her back to the Dark Age?"
"Of course not."

Scene: A city. Somewhere in modern Europe.

The air is heavy with the smell of Autumn, even on this city street. Night is settling in early, and the heavy drizzle that has dulled the day persists into the darkness. Headlights and neon signs shimmer brightly in the black mirror of the wet tarmac.

Across the street, at a busy corner, stands a girl in her mid twenties, immaculately groomed in a classic cream raincoat. She looks wistfully at the warm light in the windows of a pub over the road. The door opens as someone scurries in out of the rain. Warmth, comfort, dryness, a drink. As likely as not she will never know these again. "Life is not long, death is swift in the coming." The ancient Scripture echoes through her mind.

She is nervous. She knows that everything depends on the next few minutes. It is the last chance. After so many centuries, the last chance. Inside her raincoat pocket, she caresses her magnum revolver. The Fat Man is late. The Fat Man is never late. Can something have gone wrong? She almost hopes it has.

But no. The sleek limousine slides around the corner. A huddle of men emerge onto the street. The Fat Man is at the centre. She runs her hand from the belt of her raincoat up between her breasts. It is there. Passed down a hundred generations. Guarded from fire and foe. Treasured in secret. Entrusted to her. And the time is now.

With her left hand she gives the signal. High up in the roof-tops, she can barely see Caran. Only the glint of a telescopic sight tells her that she is there. Sweet, brave Caran. Goodbye, Caran.

The muffled thud of a high-powered rifle. A direct hit. The Fat Man is unharmed, of course, but the bodyguards react with blinding speed. They are the best there is. Except for her.

As Caran returns their fire, she darts in among them, killing two before they know she is there. Behind her a scream. She knows that Caran's body is plunging toward the pavement. She dare not look. In seconds, she and the Fat Man are alone. He looks into the barrel of her magnum and smiles.

"Do you expect to harm me with that?"

"No." She reaches into her coat and brings forth the silver dagger. He smiles again.

"You have waited too long. I am grown too powerful. That cannot harm me. Nothing can harm me. You are welcome to try if you wish."

She plunges the dagger deep into his heart. No blood. Nothing. He removes the dagger and drops it into

the gutter. Seizing her wrists, he pulls her toward him and stares deep into her eyes.

A door opens and several men pour into the street.

"We heard shots, Sir. Do you need help?"

"Have the police clear up this mess. But we will keep this one for ourselves." He pushes the girl toward them. She shambles blankly into their arms. "Take her in for questioning. You will find her very co-operative. She has no mind of her own now."

"Shall we proceed with our meeting?"

Scene: The forest. A Swarm encampment. At the centre stands a brazier with fiercely glowing coals. Various iron implements are laid in the brazier to heat up. A little way off, a massive iron pillar driven deep into the ground and standing some nine feet high. Petra is manacled to it with heavy chains the pillar forms the centre of a great iron cage with very thick bars set close together.

Petra looks about her, outside the cage. The evil, bat-winged creatures are everywhere, talking, chewing on bones, quarreling and brawling among themselves. Over by the brazier is Whirlwind, kneeling on the ground. Her feet are fettered with a short chain, and her hands are chained behind her. About her stand two members of the Iron Guard and several Swarm brothers. One of the Guards is pulling her head back by the hair. The other looks at her closely. The first speaks.

"You are sure it is not her?"

"Certain. It is the other one. The brothers can do as they please with this one."

"Then come. We have other work to do." He turns to the Swarm brothers. "I trust you are capable of holding two prisoners without the help of the Iron Guard." A hissing voice replies. "Without a doubt, Sir, without a doubt. It will be our pleasure."

The Guards depart. A gleeful chattering ripples through the little group of brothers. "Did you hear what he said?" "We can do as we please with this one."

Quickly a crowd gathers, and before long nearly all the brothers in the camp are there. Someone finds a rope. It is passed through the fetters that bind her feet and thrown over a high

branch. She is hauled upside-down into the air.
 "Stand back!" One of the brothers is evidently the leader. "I shall begin." Wrapping damp cloths about his taloned hands, he seizes a pair of long-handled pincers from the brazier. The ends are glowing red.

Cold sweat glistens on Petra's forehead. No, please, no. Not Whirlwind. Not Vitrina. Don't let them mutilate Vitrina. Her horror grows to anger. Her anger grows to rage. Her rage grows to berserker fury. She is not Petra now. She is not even Mayanna. She is...

"No!" Her voice freezes the blood of the Swarm. It is a voice they have heard before. They turn to stare at her. Her hair is silver. Her face is a silver mask of rage and beauty. She strains furiously against her chains. First one gives way, and then the other. Her hand flashes to her side to draw an imaginary sword, and it is no longer imaginary. She holds a glittering

silver sword. The sword that has struck terror into every evil heart in Abolan.

"Be calm, brothers," cries the Swarm leader. "Those bars are solid iron, six inches thick. She cannot get out."

She rushes at the bars, attacking them with her sword. It slices through them as if they were made of wax.

Seven brothers converge on her from all sides. She leaps forward, cutting off the head of the first. Before the head hits the ground, the other six are dead.

For a moment she stands poised, like a wild animal preparing to spring. Her words are brief.

"Commend your souls, if butchers such as ye have gods. For now ye face the wrath of Silverwolf."

SILVERWOLF

Section 3: Berserker. ENDS.

Chapter 3: Berserker. ENDS.

eum's description of the "unhealthy, over-sentimental friendships" between girls in Angela Brazil's books. The museum seems to favour the views of the Anti-Soppist Society in Dorita Fairlie-Bruce's Dimsie books. This austere body was staunchly opposed to fagging and pashes on older girls. Members were forbidden to give flowers to mistresses and seniors, or to sleep with a senior's old hair ribbon under the pillow. They ruled that it was alright to kiss animals, "so long as you don't kiss mistresses or seniors or things like that."

Well, it's a matter of taste, I suppose.

DAISY

While on the schoolgirl theme, we remind readers that that delightful romance of schoolgirl life, 'Daisy Pulls it Off' is still running at the Globe Theatre after over a year. We have hesitated to review it so long after it started (it is older than *Artemis!*), but we have received too many requests from readers. So next issue will carry the long-awaited review.

ARTEMIS

Last issue we said that our debt was down to £500. Our mistake, it still stood at about twice that. Please go on supporting *Artemis* financially. Subscribers will be invited to make a bankers order this issue. Please fill in the form. *Artemis* needs you.

'Til next time, love and kisses, Anne



I AM SURE lots of you will be visiting the exhibition at the Museum of Childhood in Bethnal Green. It is called: Jolly Hockey Sticks — the World of Girls' School Fiction. It is running until the end of the summer holidays and features many of the best vintage girls' books, uniforms, hockey sticks and all manner of school regalia.

Mrs Noreen Marshall, the exhibition's organiser says that girls of the period were a tougher, more enterprising lot than the products of today's mixed comprehensives, whom she describes as positively weedy. Well, I never thought that much good was likely to come from mixing with the other sex.

However, we cannot agree with the mus-

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